

Witches, bitches on the beaches



Guided tour to paradise:

We will invite the visitor in a room that is masked as paradise. They will get instructions to follow us on a journey of experiencing the blurry path of our daily lives that is built on contradictions. To enter the room you need to pass by a curtain with a picture of a fake paradise beach. We, master of ceremonies, will guide through the ritual, giving them a can of coca cola and paper with a pen. On the paper they will be instructed to write, a memory of an extasis moment, like orgasm, eating chocolatte, dance, music etc. On the wall will be the projection of the movie that will support the guiding and we will slowly transform from an ideal notion of western women into raw bodies. The ritual will continue with some actions where the audience will be involved. We will finish with a common song about the "witches ,bitches on the beaches." to celebrate our contradictions.



Fuck the fiction paradise,
we are the paradise

The brutal beauty reveals in singing a song about witches and bitches, drinking Coca cola on the beaches , smashing the piano with a tree full of gender stereotypes. The music plays in the ski-resort full of cocaine-snow. Have we missed the boat already? The witchcraft is waiting to peel the orange like the ritual of the bitches waiting for the new client that is smashing the coca cola on the green container that is now in the Ostermalm square.

The ukulele and the ngoni are making tones of slam to bring some hidden animality in the artificial surrounding. Someone said that this is like the paradise but I forgot already why ?The ice on the water is cracking. Blood over the legs dripping into the icy water.

A **women** is falling trying to keep the balance in a place with too much rocks and to little rock and roll, the sexy coca- cola drug is dripping in the face waiting for the new concert that is going to **began**, welcome!!

